



Sumner High School

THE ECHO



Vol. X, No. 2

Sumner High School, Holbrook, Mass., June, 1934

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BARBARA LOUISE BEALS
(Babs)

"And now I have another
lad."

Hobby: Riding.

Activities: Glee Club 1, 3;
Commercial Club 3, 4.


GEORGE JOSEPH DALY
(Shiek)

"Get thee behind me Satan
and push."

Hobby: Teachers.

Activities: Glee Club 1;
Senior Drama; Class
Officer 1; Baseball 4.


ANNA KATHRYN BENVIE
(The pen is the Tongue of
the mind.)

Hobby: Giggling.

Activities: Glee Club, 1, 2, 3,
4; Commercial Club 3, 4;
Senior Drama.

MARION GRAY DAVISON
(Dave)

"Unextinguished laughter
shakes the sky."

Hobby: Tennis and
Swimming.

Activities: Pro Merito; Glee
Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Echo 3, 4;
Apparatus 3, 4; Senior
Drama; Athletic Drama 4.


GEORGE GORDON BENVIE
(Ben)

"For too much rest itself be-
comes a pain."

Hobby: Tenore.

Activities: Rifle Club 1;
Commercial Club 3, 4; Glee
Club 4.

ALICE P. DeWOLFE
(Polly)

"On with the Dance."

Hobby: Walking.

Activities: Glee Club 3;
Office 4; Echo 4.


HELEN V. CALLAHAN
(Peanut)

"I could be calm and
wistful."

Hobby: Playing nursemaid.

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2, 3;
Commercial Club 3, 4;
Lunch Room 1, 2, 3.

GLADYS W. EGLES
(Winnie)

"Life is short—Art is long."

Hobby: Art.

Activities: Pro Merito; Glee
Club 1, 2; Commercial
Club 3, 4; Echo 4; Li-
brarian 3.


ROLF CASPERSEN
(Casper)

"Far from gay cities and the
ways of women."

Hobby: Stamps.

Activities: Basketball 4;
Baseball 4; Commercial
Club 3, 4; Rifle Club 3.

KATHLEEN E. ELDRIDGE
(Kay)

"Come and trip it as you go
on the light fantastic toe."

Hobby: Tap Dancing.

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2, 3;
Commercial Club 3, 4.


WILLIAM T. CLOONEY
(Bill)

Hobby: Cars.

"A close mouth gathers no
flies."

Activities: Rifle Club 1, 2;
Commercial Club 3, 4;
Baseball Manager 4.

AMY LINNEA HAGG
(Swede)

"Thanks for the buggy ride."

Hobby: Al.

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2, 3,
4; Echo 4; Senior Drama;
Athletic Drama 4; Cos-
tume Prize at Masquerade.

THOMAS J. HALL
(Tom)

"Stately and tall he moves
in the hall."

Hobby: Airplanes.

Activities: Basketball 3, 4;
Baseball 3, 4; Sophomore
Drama; Commercial Club
3, 4.



FRANK P. KIERSTEAD
(Kus)

"There is great ability in
knowing how to conceal
one's ability."

Hobby: Model Airplanes.

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2, 3;
Rifle Club 3, 4; Tennis 1,
2, 3, 4.

MADELINE F. HANNEY
(Streamline)

"What is so tedious as a
twice told tale"

Hobby: Boys.

Activities: Glee Club 1;
Lunch Room 1, 2, 3; Com-
mercial Club 3, 4.



FRANK S. LELAKES
(Lakey)

"A charming young prince
was he."

Hobby: Baseball and Tennis.

Activities: Glee Club 1;
Baseball 3, 4; Athletic
Drama 2; Senior Drama.

DOROTHY M. HAYDEN
(Dot)

"She is conspicuous by her
absence."

Hobby: Skipping school.

Activities: Glee Club 1;
Commercial Club 3, 4.



JANICE E. LEWIS
(Jane)

"Sure as a gun."

Hobby: Drawing.

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2, 3,
4; Orchestra 1; Com-
mercial Club 3, 4.

RUTH DORIS HILL
(Ruthie)

"The wisdom of our
ancestors."

Hobby: Good marks.

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2;
Pro Merito; Basketball 2,
3, 4; Echo 1, 2, 3, 4; Class
Officer 1; Apparatus 2, 3,
4; Track 1, 2; Reporter 4.



WALTER E. LUCAS
(Luke)

"The melancholy joy of evils
past."

Hobby: Going out.

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2, 3,
4; Echo 1; Orchestra 1, 2,
3, 4; Commercial Club 3,
4; Athletic Drama 2.

DOROTHY G. HOBART
(Dot)

"Upon a fair face is her
gaze."

Hobby: Bill.

Activities: Pro Merito; Glee
Club 1; Vice-President 1;
Commercial Club 3, 4; Li-
brarian 1, 2; Athletic
Drama 4; Echo 4.



EDNA R. A. MAGEE
(Maggie)

"In youth and beauty wis-
dom is but rare."

Hobby: Joking.

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2, 3.

GRACE ANN KELLEY
(Gus)

"The hand that hath made
you fair hath made you
good."

Hobby: Eating.

Activities: Pro Merito; Glee
Club 1, 2, 3; Echo 1, 2, 3,
4; Senior Drama; Athletic
Drama 4; Vice-President
2, 3; Basketball Manager 4.



JOHN FRANCIS MEGLEY
(Jack)

"I'll do anything that you'll
do."

Hobby: Randolph blondes.

Activities: Tennis 1, 2, 3, 4;
Manager 3, 4; Basketball
3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2;
Senior Drama.

FLORENCE E. MITCHELL
(Fonnie)
(Flonnie)

"I'll be faithful."

Hobby: The Flash.

Activities: Pro Merito; Glee Club 1; Echo 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Captain 4; Apparatus 3, 4; Archery 3, 4; Track 1; Librarian 4.



WARREN K. PIERSON
"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."

JOSEPH THOMAS MORAN
(Butch)

"The glory of a firm capacious mind."

Hobby: Cutting meat.

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Commercial Club 3, 4; Baseball 4; Class President 4.



WILBERT EATON PITTS
(Pittsie)

"A bold, bad man."

Hobby: Smoking a pipe.

Activities: Glee Club 1; Echo 3; Commercial Club 3, 4; Basketball Manager 4; Senior Drama.

RITA MARY MORAN
(Reet)

"You ought to be in pictures."

Hobby: Frankie.

Activities: Pro Merito; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Commercial Club 3, 4; Echo 3, 4; Athletic Dramas 2, 4; Senior Drama; Librarian 1; Lunch Room 3, 4; Archery 4; Office 4; Secretary 2, 3, 4.



VIRGINIA OLIVE POOLE
(Jin)

"The face doth hide what the heart doth know."

Hobby: Riding.

Activities: Pro Merito; Glee Club 1; Librarian 4; Echo 4; Reporter 4.

JOSEPH E. R. MOSSESSO
(Patsy)

"Music hath charms."

Hobby: Singing.

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 3, 4.



KATHRYN B. PORTER
(Porter)

"Better later than never."

Hobby: Sports.

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Captain 4; Tumbling 3, 4; Archery 3, 4.

CARLETON J. MULLEN
(Dwed)

"When the organ plays at twilight."

Hobby: Music.

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2.



MARGUERITE S. RAYNER
(Peg)

"Makes man a slave; takes half his worth away."

Hobby: Dancing.

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2; Commercial Club 3, 4; Librarian 3; Vice-President 3; Athletic Drama 4.

JOHN FRANCIS MULLIN
(Mooney)

"Save the last waltz for me."

Hobby: Girls.

Activities: Commercial Club 3, 4; Rifle Club 3; Baseball 3, 4.



FREDERICK W. ROBERTS
(Demon)

"Home, Sweet Home."

Hobby: Sailing.

Activities: Commercial Club 3, 4.

FREDERICA C. ROLLINGS
(Freddie)

"Fills the air around with laughter."

Hobby: Sitting in the yard.
Activities: Pro Merito; Glee Club 1; Commercial Club 3, 4; Office 4; Athletic Drama 4.



FRANCES E. SOROCO
"Modesty is a virtue."

Hobby: Music.

Activities: Pro Merito; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Office 4; Commercial Club 3, 4; Echo 2.

PHOEBE D. E. SHEA
(Febe)

"Where did you get your eyes so brown?"

Hobby: Johnnie.

Activities: Glee Club 2; Commercial Club 3, 4; Lunch Room 4; Basketball 3, 4; Athletic Drama 4; Office 4.



ROBERT KING STANLEY
(Stan)

"The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart."

Hobby: Stamps.

Activities: Pro Merito; Echo 3, 4; Senior Drama; President 3.

JOHN HENRY SMITH
(Smuck)

"My Heart is fixed."

Hobby: Milking cows.

Activities: Baseball 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Captain 4; Glee Club 1; Class Officer 1; Commercial Club 3, 4.



C. PHYLLIS STEVENS
(Phyl)

"Virtue is like a rich stone—best plain set."

Hobby: Riding.

Activities: Glee Club 1.

MELBOURNE L. SMITH
(Mud)

"Facts are stubborn things."

Hobby: Bragging.

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Sophomore Drama; Senior Drama.



KATHLEEN M. WALSH
(Kay)

"There's nane again sae bonie."

Hobby: Sports.

Activities: Glee Club 1; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Tumbling 2; Archery 3, 4; Commercial Club 3, 4; Lunch Room 1, 4; Office 4; Athletic Drama 4; Echo 3, 4; Track 1.

RUTH ELIZABETH SMITH
(Rufee)

"Quiet and Demure was she."

Hobby: Dancing.

Activities: Class Officer 2, 3, 4; Lunch Room 3, 4; Commercial Club 3, 4; Office 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Athletic Drama 4; Basketball 2, 3; Echo 4.



WILLIAM G. WHITE
(Bill)

"I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift."

Hobby: Weymouth Street.

Activities: Glee Club 1; Commercial Club 3, 4; Basketball 4; Baseball 4.

LILIA M. K. SODERBLOM
(Lill)

"Earth sounds my wisdom, and high heaven my fame."

Hobby: Administering.

Activities: Pro Merito; Basketball 3, 4; Athletic Drama 2; Senior Drama; Librarian 1, 2; Echo 4; Reporter 4; Commercial Club 4.



DEDICATED TO THE SENIORS

Seniors, forty-eight in number, the Echo staff feels proud to dedicate this June issue to you. This issue, in our estimation, is worthwhile, and we feel that dedicating it to you will only add to its value. For four years you have worked and played wholeheartedly and sincerely, and now you are leaving dear old Sumner. You are about to start on various pathways of life, but always in the background there will be a little corner reserved for your friendship and associations in Sumner. Hence it is with great pleasure that the Echo wishes you happiness in your future life and sends you forth with the best of wishes for all kinds of success.

MOTHER'S MINCE PIES

"Willy," ordered Mr. Brown sternly, "let that pie alone."

Mrs. Brown put in meekly, "Now, Paw, you know he's so fond of mince pie, and since it is Thanksgiving Day, you ought—"

Mr. Brown, subsiding, but sending a meaning glance in Willy's direction, "All right, Maw, but if he dares to take another—why, heaven protect us, the boy's already eaten four pieces! It will be we that'll be sending for the doctor in the middle of the night. You know that.

Willy during this tiff between his rather elderly father and mother had chosen the largest piece of pie and started in on it with a gusto unimpaired by the before mentioned four pieces of pie and a huge turkey dinner. One thing that might be said for the Brown family was that at least they ate well.

But that night Willy fought his battle alone and not aided by any medical assistance as his father had direly predicted. Time turned its pages swiftly backward until he, Willy, emerged as a knight clad in a shining suit of armour. A diamond and ruby studded crown flashed on his manly brow, shedding an eerie light upon his pale face—a face with the lips compressed in a straight line, with the eyes icy and determined, and with the nostrils pinched in cold passion. For he, little Willy, having become King James in the twinkling of an eye and in the eating of five pieces of pie, was defending himself without the help of a single cowardly henchman or vassal from the storm of spears, stones, and war hatchets hurled at him by the redoubtable Scotch warriors. The air was continually rent by the heart-breaking groans of the dying or wounded men about him and by the war cries of the struggling, straining combatants.

The battle wore on. King James, nee Willy, the glowing hero of the day, kept back the rushing hordes at the point of a tiny pistol loaded with Fourth of July caps.

Just as the blood red sun was slowly sinking behind the snow-capped, purple tinged mountains, King James suddenly discovered an iron staircase behind him which seemed to have appeared out of the empty air. His wounds pained him; one particularly bad was a long deep gash on his forehead which was beginning to make his temple throb and ache. The mob closed in on him for a final attack, for they knew that he alone could not hold out against them much longer. Realizing this, King James with a cruel, sneering glance of hatred at his former subjects leaped up the beautifully wrought stairway which, after his brief ascent with the yelling Scotch at his heels, he found led surprisingly enough to the attic of his own home. All the ancient battered furniture that had been discarded by the royal family of the Browns had been put there. The king reached the last step but despaired of further safety, for now he was completely trapped. Instantly a simple plan came to his mind—he would throw this furniture down on their heads!

Crash! There went the old sewing machine that he used to play with such a long, long time ago when he was just a tiny little boy. Groans and a deep roar of anger proved to him that his aim had been true. With glee he hurriedly seized the reed rocking chair that his granny used to occupy and knit stocking for him in. Without waiting to see the effect of his work, he grabbed and threw a baby's bassinet, a tip-top table, and an ancient mattress in quick succession down the stairway. The few warriors left below now, recognizing their hopelessness against such a demon, sent up a wail of surrender to their dauntless king as he sent a once-treasured tricycle whanging down upon them. Falling weakly on their knees, having cast away their swords and pikes as far as they possibly could, they entreated their beloved ruler to have pity on them, for they had been led astray by

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THE UNEXPECTED SURPRISE

Mr. and Mrs. Cole agreed that it had been a mighty interesting trip. The month had gone by so quickly that they were both surprised and a little sad to realize that this Saturday and Sunday in New Mexico would be their last stop in a new place. On Monday they would be turning the car east again.

In two weeks they'd seen country where the earth was red and there were no trees. They'd watched the rocks turn purple and red when the sun dropped. They'd seen cactus, pepper trees, skies saturated in blue, stars closer, more thickly clustered than stars ever seemed at home.

And they'd seen Indians, not only Indians in hand-me-down, but Indians in velveteen blouses of flaming green and orange, Indians dancing to wheedle the gods of the harvest. The velveteen blouses were machine-stitched. The dancers wore muslin shorts to shield their copper-colored nakedness from the tourist eye. The cowboys with their ten-gallon hats and high-heeled boots were the riding masters of a ranch. But Mr. and Mrs. Cole had thought of nothing like that. The West to them was exotic, unexpected, richly colored.

Their hotel was one of the best they'd stayed in for all its being so far off the beaten track. It was built of adobe, a one-story building sprawling over half an acre, with bathrooms of tawny-colored tile for every bedroom, a swimming pool in turquoise color and filled with gently warm waters, and the waiters wearing blouses and silver-colored moccasins.

"This is certainly an unusual place. Isn't it, Mildred?" asked Mr. Cole.

"It surely is," said Mrs. Cole. "We must send some postal cards to the folks."

The clerk behind the desk was a nice-looking young fellow. Mrs. Cole took to him right away. She told him all about their trip, how much they'd enjoyed seeing this desert country.

"I like it, too," he said. "I was out here for my health. That's all right now, but I've stayed on." He didn't tell her that he'd stayed on longer than he'd wanted to—stayed on when his longing to get home to Mary Elizabeth was so strong that he couldn't sleep for thinking of her.

He'd be here alone forever, he imagined. He'd never been deprived of the hope he was still clinging to unless some financial miracle came along. Twenty a week wouldn't take care of Mary Elizabeth. He couldn't save enough out of twenty a week to bring her here to him or to take him home to her. Perhaps—the Coles really seemed to like the desert.

"I did some pictures of this part of the country," he said. "Maybe you'd like to see them."

"Photographs?" asked Mrs. Cole.

"No, paintings. I have them back here in the office."

"Well, say—so you're a painter. It must be interesting," said Mrs. Cole.

They looked at his canvases: Camelback at Dawn, Red Desert, Grand Mountain, and Sunset.

"My, you certainly have got it all down," said Mrs. Cole.

"They're oil paintings, eh?" Mr. Cole said. "Genuine oil?"

"Oh, yes."

"Do you have anything to go by, or do you just—I mean, it's like free-hand drawing?"

"Yes. They're not copied from anything. I look at a place and remember and then paint from memory."

"Are they for sale?"

Were they for sale! Indeed they were. If someone would buy one! If these good-hearted, dull people would just buy one, he'd take new heart. He'd have a part of Mary Elizabeth's face and, more important, Mary Elizabeth's fare and, more important, he'd have hope. "Yes," he said.

They came back to Red Desert. "How much are you asking for this one?"

"A hundred dollars for that particular one," he said, trying to keep his voice from shaking.

"My, they bring big prices. Don't they? Well, thank you for showing them to us. It's fine work."

They went away. He didn't surrender to hopelessness right away. Maybe the picture would grow on them. Maybe tomorrow or Monday before they left. They had a big car. They had the hotel's most expensive suite. He wouldn't give up yet. But by Sunday night, even though Mrs. Cole had asked him to let her see Red Desert again, that small timely hope of his had grown weak and limp. They liked the pictures, really liked them, but they were the sort of people who spend money on cars, radios, and bathrooms, not paintings. He'd been a fool, but this love does make a young man foolish, and he was deeply in love with Mary Elizabeth.

He wrote to her that night. It was only fair. Maybe he needn't send it, but he'd have it ready. Perhaps just because he'd written it some unexpected god of good-luck would work the miracle which would make it unnecessary to send it.

"My darling: I'm writing this to break our engagement. It's the best way. I'd hoped that I might get somewhere with the painting, but I've shown the canvases I've done to a hundred tourists, rich ones, too, without a sign of a sale. I've had to face the fact that twenty a week is all I'm likely to earn for years. I've fought off facing it because I love you so; I'm so lonely for you. But it's no good."

"No one could love you more than I, but someone else will come along who can take care of you, give you the kind of comfortable, happy life you should have, because you're so sweet. After you get this letter, don't write me and tell me you'll wait. It's no use, sweetheart. There were a couple of people here who liked one of the pictures. I

decided if they bought one, I could ask you to keep on waiting, but they didn't. Nobody does. Nobody will. So I'm saying goodbye to you, my dearest. Goodbye for good."

He had the letter sealed and ready on the desk when the Coles checked out in the morning. There was still a chance. Just before they left, Mr. Cole might turn back.

"Well, goodbye," Mr. Cole said. "Good luck with your painting."

"Thank you," he said, keeping his voice carefully free from the dull despair which he felt. "I wonder if you'd be good enough to drop this letter in a mail box at Santa Fe? Air mail is quicker from there."

"Certainly. Glad to," said Mr. Cole.

It wasn't till they were at home in Bathe, a week later, that Mrs. Cole came upon the letter in Mr. Cole's pocket.

"Oh! John," she said, "you forgot to mail that nice young fellow's letter, and he wanted it to go so quickly."

"Gosh," said Mr. Cole. "Isn't that like me? What'll I do? Maybe he wouldn't want it mailed now. I'll tell you, supposing I was to send it back, and what do you say I get him to ship along that picture, the Red Desert one? That would kind of make it up to him, and anyway I like that thing. It would be a kind of nice souvenir of our trip."

MOUNTAIN BABY'S SONG

Hark!

From afar comes the sound of sweet bells
Which echoes through mountains and dells.
It's the signal of sheep coming home.

Look!

They move like the white ocean foam.
The white of their furs as small clouds
The side of mountain enshrouds.

Hark!

The soft bleat of the ewes you can hear
As the quick-moving keen mountaineer
Tries to keep them from going astray.

Look!

Baby dear, from the group one's away.
The shepherd can't see the wee lamb,
For he's hid 'hind a fleecy white ram.

Hark!

In a distance a horn has been blown.
The watcher is making it known
That one has escaped from the drove.

Look!

The lamb will never more rove.
You may sleep on my breast, baby dear,
Till your Daddy will come to us here.

L. Soderblom, '34.

Bob Colburn: You look sweet enough to eat.

Gerry: I do eat. Where shall we go?

GOD'S GIFT OF MOTHER

God gave us the flowers and trees,
God sent us the gay birds and bees.
He gave us life and hope and love
And sent the grand free skies above.

He sent music and beauty rare.
He gave us the power to care
And glorious nature so free
And even the wonderful sea.

For God's gifts are very dear
And come with a smile and a tear,
And they like cheery raindrops fall.
First comes the rarest gift of all—

The jewel of gifts, Mother.
She's more wonderful and sweeter
Than all the gay birds and bees,
Nobler than the flowers and trees.

Mother has that beauty so rare.
Mother has the power to care.
And in my mother's eyes you can see
Why she is all my world to me.
Edith M. Flanagan.

I often wonder where the clouds go,
The clouds that go drifting by
Like little wooly snow-white lambs,
Pushing across the sky.

They heap like beautiful snow drifts
And dazzle in the sun,
Their glamour is never fading,
Their work is never done.

The pale blue of their background,
Their valleys and their hills,
Their softness and their whiteness,
They're one of nature's thrills.
M. Davison, '34.

I've read the books of Shakespeare
In verse, in rhyme, in prose.
I've also read some fairytales.
They're silly, I suppose.
But if someone should request of me
Of these two to take my pick,
I think I'd take the fairytales,
'Cause Shakespeare makes me sick!

How anyone like him
Could ever climb to such great fame
Is a problem, the solution of which
I find I cannot name.
So let us stick to fairytales—
The kind we love to read,
And all fall back on Shakespeare
In our direst time for need.
Anna Benvie.

Mrs. Mullin: Did you give the penny to the monkey?

G. Mullin: Yes, Mother.

Mrs. Mullin: What did the monkey do with it?

G. Mullin: He gave it to his father who played the organ.

TURNED TABLES

Characters:

Mrs. Ann Kennedy—A good natured neighbor.

Helen Foster—Young wife, suspicious, jealous, loving.

Jack Foster—Young husband, loving unsuspecting, jolly.

Scene takes place in the kitchen of an ordinary young married couple's home. Time is about nine in the morning.

Scene opens with Helen on the stage humming to herself while she is ironing. Ann Kennedy knocks at the right door, and Helen cheerily calls:

Helen: Come in.

Ann: (entering jauntily dressed to go to town) Oh! Good Morning, neighbor! And how are you this bright morning?

Helen: (Cherrily—still ironing) Oh just fine, thanks. And where are you off to so early? Don't stand there—have a chair.

Ann: (pulling a chair from the table and sitting down) Thanks. I will. But I can't stay long as I am going down town to do a little shopping—Pay some bills—and you know, the usual things. I may take in a snow if I think I have time. I'll have to be home, though, to get Jim's supper, or he'll raise the roof.

Helen: (helpfully) I hear there is a good show at the Modern. Ah—let me see—what was the name of it now? Oh dear—oh—you must know—George Arliss is the leading actor.

Ann: (thinking a minute and then brightly answering) Is it "The King's Vacation?"

Helen: No,—now I remember—(triumphantly) Voltaire! That's it.

Ann: (meditating) Well, I may go, and then again I may not. (brightening) Say, Helen, by the way, you look unusually cheerful this morning. Has anything happened?

Helen: (smiling) It's about time you noticed in what good spirits I am. It's a long story so I guess I'll sit down while I tell it. (draws chair from back of table and sits down) It's a scheme!

Ann: (interestedly leans forward toward Helen) Now, really, Helen, you interest me. A scheme! What on earth are you talking about? (after thought) Hurry, I haven't much time. (looks at her watch).

Helen: (confidently) Well, Ann, you remember my talking to you about how I suspected Jack of being rather, well ah—frivolous?

Ann: (nodding) Yeeesss—

Helen: I have it all planned so that I can find out for sure, one way or another.

(While Helen tells this story Ann keeps her eyes on her friend and is very much interested and excited.)

Helen: Jack and I have been invited to a masquerade ball. I will make an excuse not to go but will insist that Jack goes. Do you follow me?

Ann: You bet I do! Sounds good so far.

Helen: it is good! Listen, here comes the best part. After Jack leaves, I will disguise myself and go to the ball. Jack will never suspect. His costume is an indian suit so he will be easy to find. (triumphantly) And then—Ann, listen to this—I will make advances to him and see how far he'll really go.

Ann: Oh, Helen. I do think that is the most delightful plan! (afterthought) But will it work?

Helen: (surprised) Work? I don't see why not! There can't possibly be a slip up.

Ann: (looking at her watch and jumping up) Oh, dear, it's getting terribly late, and I won't have time to see a show. (looking at Helen) Please don't think I'm not interested, but you know how it is. I must go now.

Helen: (rising and walking towards right door with Ann) I'm sorry you have to leave so soon. I'll tell you—come over tomorrow morning, and I'll tell you how my scheme worked.

Ann: (laughing as she opened door) You just bet I will! Goodbye now, see you tomorrow.

Helen: (with hand on door knob) Bye, Ann! (closes door)

(Helen now walks back and puts the chairs in place. She then sighs very deeply and walks towards ironing board).

Curtain to show lapse of time.

Curtain goes up, and Helen in arranging dishes on table for breakfast. Jack comes in dressed in bath robe and slippers and yawning.

Helen: (moodily) Good morning. What do you want for breakfast?

Jack: (cheerily) Why, good morning, dear! Don't get me much to eat. I don't feel hungry. A cup of coffee will be plenty.

Helen: Why, Jack, are you ill? You always eat a big breakfast.

Jack: (surprised) Ill? I never felt better in my life.

Helen: (sulkily) I suppose you had a wonderful time at the ball last night, and that is what makes you so happy.

Jack: (remembering but without much enthusiasm) Oh, yes! I did have a good time.

Helen: (walking up to him menacingly) Well, I'm not going to keep still one minute longer, Jack Foster, I was that girl.

Jack: (catching her by the hands) Why, Helen, have you gone completely nuts? What girl?

Helen: (still menacingly) Don't you try to pull that gag on me! You know very well what girl I'm talking about. (looking as if she would cry any minute).

Jack: (taking her by the hand and trying to lead her to a chair) Come now, dear, sit down. And tell me all about this girl. (soothingly).

Helen: (wrenching away and becoming very angry and stubborn) I won't sit down. Sit down with you after last night? You thought I was sitting home while you were at the ball having a gay old time, but I certainly put one over on you.

Jack: (a little bewildered) A gay old time! If you call playing cards a gay old time; then that is just what I had.

Helen: (aghast) Playing cards? Why I thought you were going to the ball (thinking clasps hands over mouth in terror) Then—last night—?

Jack: Yes, you see, the Indian suit didn't fit me, and I lent it to a friend—and—(Helen tenses) Why, Helen, is something wrong?

Helen—Helen—(fans her)

CURTAIN

ASSEMBLIES

What did you think of the assembly? Pretty good: rotten! Swell! Runk! Peachy! All these descriptions can be heard as comments on the assemblies. But on the whole the assemblies are very good; they have educational and entertaining qualities entwined between the stuttering, absent-mindedness, deadness, and liveliness of the lectures, plays, and speeches.

The assemblies may be divided into groups, the original with varied talent such as dancing, singing, and stunting; however, the Sophs seem to have a monopoly with two-thirds of the orchestra and Ouida Holmes as a dancer; the other group consists of speakers, lecturers, and professional entertainers, such as magicians, players, and glass blowers. The movies, which form the third group, are always shown and censored by Mr. Hodge and his science class. (Mr. Hodge couldn't you give us a change of diet with a Micky Mouse or a Charlie Chaplin picture?)

I believe the motto "See America First" would be good to follow in selecting the lectures and pictures for assemblies. It is interesting to know the customs of foreign countries and to see views of their lands, but there must be places in the United States equally, if not more, interesting, such as the National Parks, forests, Boulder Dam, Panama Canal, and the homes of the cliff dwelling Indians. Almost all of the lectures and pictures have been on the natural life and views of Canada, furnished by the Canadian National Railways; all are very interesting, but let's see more of America.

This year's assemblies have been presented by the rooms instead of classes; in this way many more students help in the programs; this is a good idea, for it makes and finds talent.

Our school has almost every talent; however, the only soloist, or perhaps the only daring one, is George Porter (the helpful P. G.) who also is the acknowledged cheer and song leader.

The teachers often can be seen enjoying the scene of the frustrated student in an assembly. Why not let them take part in one?

Certainly we would enjoy a tap or ballet dance, a recitation of "Mary had a Lamb," and a skit with the teachers as the actors.
Robert Stanley.

THE FOOL MEETS HIS WATERLOO

A fool there was and he went to school,
(Even as you and I)
And he took physics, did that poor fool;
(We told him 'twas hard as the kick of a mule)
But he wouldn't be governed by wit or by rule
(Even as you and I)

Oh, the terrible breaks and the awful mistakes
And the toil of our heart and hand
Were part of a subject we did not pass,
(And now we know that we could not pass)
And we did not understand.

A fool there was, and he studied not
(Even as you and I)
And a zero in physics was all that he got;
(He knew that to study was one thing he ought)
But the simpleton thought that he wouldn't get caught
(Even as You and I).

A fool there was, and he flunked, alar,
(Even as you and I)
For he was so dumb that he could not pass,
(But the same fate as his was the fate of the class)
And now he realizes he never could pass,
(Even as You and I).

And it wasn't the flunk, and it wasn't the bunk
That stings like a white-hot brand;
It's coming to know that he could not pass
(Finding at last that he never could understand).

J. Lewis, '34.

B. Colburn (to Amy in disgust): B-O-O-B, that's funny; this guy spelled my name with two O's.

THE EARLY BIRD

Today I saw an early bird
Who'd come to meet the Spring
And when I asked him how he felt
And why he didn't sing,
He shook his head and then his tail
And hid his face from view,
An sniffed a bit, then said to me,
"To you! To you! To you!"

"I need a big hot water bottle,
Some flannel round my throat,
A nice warm pair of overshoes,
A great big furry coat;
A pair of mittens lined with fur.
I need my mamma too.
But most of all I'd like the Spring
And so, I think, would you.

P. Stevens, '34.

POETRY

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

A president at Washington
Once tried with luck foretold
To set us folks at peace again
And start us up the road.

The alphabet he put to use,
A mixture he did find,
And acts were passed at highest speed
Of every sort and kind.

The first the people heard from him,
He'd formed the N. R. A.
It's worth you all must know by now—
It brought a raise in pay.

But now we wonder what will come
These next few years of his,
And if he'll really help us out,
Or if it's so much fiz.

P. Stevens, '34.

He's brown and he's dirty, and he's no breed
at all,
But he comes at my whistle, he leaps to my
call,
He's clumsy, ungainly, and huge in size,
But his gentle, big heart shines out from
his eyes.

He's useless for hunting, for tricks, and the
like,
But he's the finest of pals when out on a
hike;
He runs far ahead in mad, rollicking play,
Then waits till I join him there, jumpy and
gay.

When I'm sad and unhappy, he snuggles
close by,
And he does all he can to say—"I know
why."
And when we sit by the cheery fireplace,
I forget he's a mongrel and hairy of face.

For his heart, which is big as his body in
size,
Is bursting with love and shines out from
his eyes,
And, pal of my hikes, with his nose moist
and cold,
I'd not trade you, my dog, for all the wealth
in the world.

J. Megley, '34.

STARS

In evening when the sky is clear,
The little stars will soon appear.
And light the earth up bright and gay
To make it like another day.

But if the sky is dull and gray,
The little stars are far away.
They hide behind the clouds in pain
Because they know it looks like rain.

In morning when the sun shines bright,
The little stars are not in sight
Because, you know, they go to bed
And show themselves at night instead.

Now, if you want to study stars,
Just take a plane and sail to Mars.
You'll learn about the stars and moon,
But you'll fly down to earth quite soon.

MY BRAINS

I think that I shall ne'er disclose
The crazy thoughts my brains compose;

My brains that change so quickly queer
Just as a notion comes quite near;

My brains that think of silly things
Although the last, sharp schoolbell rings;

My brains that stop, and start, and shout
Until they almost knock me out.

Why do they aggravate me so?
They tease me, spurn me, cause me woe.

Poems are made by all insanes
But only God can make my brains.
L. Soderblom, '34.

PARODY ON "TREES"

I think that I shall never pass
Another day with that poor lass;
A lass that is petite and gay,
And with a joke she goes her way;
A lass who laughs and talks all day
And in a classroom, she can't think,
She gives a boy her royal wink.
As if to say, "Now, don't you know,
I was out with you, Dear Joe."
To be with you would be a thrill.
Forget the school, you great big sill.
K. Walsh, '34.



ECHO STAFF

Top row, left to right: F. Welsford, G. Mills, P. Wiggins, I. Barrows, J. Albertassi, R. Kunan, R. Stanley. Middle row, left to right: C. Casperson, G. Behan, G. Egles, R. Smith, K. Walsh, V. Poole, F. Mitchell, M. Davison, E. Szaverns, D. Hobart, P. MacPherson. First row, left to right: A. Hagg, M. Danos, R. Hill, R. Colburn, G. Kelly, L. Soderblom, R. Moran.

THE WORK ON THE ECHO

"The meeting will come to order. Read the roll call, Marie," orders the Editor-in-chief to her assistant.

"Grace."

"Here," answers a voice suddenly.

"Robert," etc.

"Now for the class editors. Have you received much material lately?"

Some have received either poetry, editorials, or stories. But what force and persistent nagging has been used before they were received. The class editors always have to be after the other students in order to get any material at all. Some of the material that goes into the magazine has been done as class work. Even though there are two editors for each grade, the Senior editors are the only ones who seem to take their responsibility seriously.

Again a question is popped, "Robert, have you written all your school notes up to date?"

The work of writing school notes is not so difficult if it is attended to while the incident is still fresh in one's memory. All social activities and class happenings must be written very briefly and with a humorous flavor. There is only one student in this position.

"Amy and Phyllis, have you got any jokes?"

Two students take care of getting jokes that would be suitable to put in the "Echo". They substitute names of teachers and pupils for those that were on them originally. Some jokes can be fitted marvelously to the characters of certain students; yet precautions must be taken not to hurt anyone.

"Have you got all your athletic write-ups

in, Marion and Freddie?" (This person surely is full of questions.)

Archery, basketball, football, baseball, and tennis keep the athletic editors busy throughout the year. Their writings must be brief and to the point, but yet they must put some of their own personal interest into them.

All the work is approved by the literary editor, Editor-in-Chief, and Faculty advisor. The literary editor and editor-in-chief read over all written work to see if it is worthwhile or if it is the right type to be printed. The Faculty Adviser puts on the final "O.K." and also makes all necessary corrections.

The Business Manager and her assistant keep track of all money taken in and spent. Their hardest duties are at the time when advertisements are collected and at the time of publications which occur twice a year, in December and June. Their responsibility is great because at times over a hundred dollars is in their trust.

The league meetings are cause of great excitement among the "Echo" members, who—as has been said—are the "cream" of the school. These meetings occur four times during the school year and are made possible by the Southeastern Massachusetts Schools of Publication. Here the various departments hold meetings, a general meeting and a business meeting are held, supper is served, a play is given, and dancing is usually a part of the entertainment.

All our work may not be for naught if all students would share the burden of making a good issue.

The various schools have been divided

into two classes, A and B. Schools having an enrollment of 400 or over are in Class A; the others are in Class B. Because we have 275, we have been classified with the B's. This does not lower our standard in the least but just gives us a chance of winning in such a huge group as fourteen hundred. A prize of equal value is given to the best publication of each group.

Individual workers on the "Echo" are not left unrewarded if they fulfill their work faithfully. The Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager receive gold pins. After these bronze pins are given to those that have been on one year and silver pins to the others. Also a half-point of credit is given for the year.

The work put into the "Echo" isn't all play. A great deal of concentration and outside time has to be put in for every other Monday is devoted to the Echo for three-quarters of an hour after school, yet those who are seriously interested in the work do not begrudge the time to the school. The most hateful part of the work—you may ask any one on the staff if it isn't so—is the collecting of the advertisements so that the publication may be made possible. The solicitor starts with his highest priced "ad" and then works down to a favorable price to please the advertiser.

But who wouldn't like to work for his school? It's fun even though it becomes tiresome now and then.

MAY MEETING

The Southeastern Massachusetts League of School Publications held its last meeting the this school year in Stoughton on May 16.

From 3.30 to 4.15 registration took place in the front corridor of the Stoughton High School. A general meeting was held at 4.15 in the school auditorium where Roy Beaton, the President of the League, introduced Mr. who is turn welcomed us most cordially. Mr. Howard J. Leahy, Chairman of the League, gave us a few words thanking the various delegates who had carried out his wish of last fall to have lasting friendship made at the meetings; he also presented Roy Beaton with a gold pin for his devoted work as president of the year 1933-1934.

The Departmental Meetings were held from 4.30 to 5.30. The following went to the various departments: Advisory Board, Miss Megley, Gardner Mills, and Lilia Soderblom; Editors-in-Chief, Ruth Hill; Literary Editors, Virginia Poole; Business Manager, Grace Kelley; school news editors, Esther Seaverence; and exchange editors, Geraldine Behan.

A film, "A Day with the 'New York Sun'" was shown in the auditorium from 5.30 to 6.15.

Ah! The supper! And what a most divinely gorgeous supper it turned out to be! No wonder, our favorite caterer presided. If this doesn't make your mouth

water, I'll eat my hat. A beef casserole which had a most wonderful gravy and carrots for flavoring, creamy mashed potatoes, peas, cole slaw and pineapple, biscuits and butter, coffee just right, and all the ice cream one could possibly indulge in. For that matter, everything was over plentiful. It takes the good old Summer locomotive to get the supper cheering underway.

The introduction of next year's officers kept our heads from nodding. Albert Ullman of Milton High School was elected President, but he was absent from the meeting because of measles; our most honorable Gardner Mills is now Vice-President; Martha Enos of Braintree was elected Recording Secretary; and Henry Buron of Bridgewater was elected Treasurer. Their speeches were enjoyed the most of all. Brevity!

"The Man from Brandon," caused a room full of laughter, it was presented by the Stoughton High School Dramatic Club.

One boy and five girls from the "Echo" danced. How did the lone one manage? Danced with someone else of course. "Come and trip it as you go on light fantastic toe" went on from 8.00 to 10.00.

Warning—Don't cause a poor boy to become a two-timer. It isn't fair!

All arrived home safely, none the worse for the wear.

Lilia Soderblom,
League Representative.

THE GIRL AND HER HOME

Once home meant something very restricted especially for the girls, for in those days the home imposed itself on the girl, held her, and shaped her whole life, and from her girlhood home she went only into another, her own home.

But today the home is in a different relation to the girl, and I cannot but believe a far happier and saner relation. There is more freedom in it, and it is far more closely related to the world without. Also, it seems that the girl, the daughter of the house is tremendously important in the great business of making a home a sweet and joyous place or the reverse of these desirable qualities.

Suppose you are a girl with plans, hopes, and ideals, and you are eager to measure yourself against life. You probably think you are perhaps a little too big for your home, but when you feel this, and most of us do at some time, it is a good thing to remember that you can bring to your home all that is fine and worth having in this world; and the more of this you do bring, the more of a home it will be. Beauty, interest, and character you can develop there in your home as nowhere else. You should try to realize to the full just how much influence you have; I think you will be surprised to find how much you count in the result, in the business, that is, of making your home a center for a real and full life, and a congenial place where the different

members are friends who share each other's pleasure and troubles and combine to make things go smoothly, to make life thoroughly enjoyable and worth while.

You know, yourself, there is nothing more wonderful on this earth than a friendly family, a family that, as soon as you come in touch with them, makes you feel that each one in it likes and appreciates the other and feels quite frank and open with them.

Try to have this type of contact with your brothers and sisters. Your brothers will get more help from you in judging other girls than anyone else. If you are to them a sweet, sincere, happy girl and are staunchly on their side, listen to what they have to say, even when they are critical, as brothers usually are. Your brothers will be your chums, and the girl who has a chum in her brother is very fortunate. Disputes will arise, certainly, but what of it? The thing to work for is a better understanding between the two of you. It is worth a world of trouble to attain.

It is, indeed, a very easy thing to quarrel and bicker in the home, especially among the younger members of the family, and there is no surer way of wasting every thing worth having than this. I think in a girl's hands lies the remedy more than in those of father or mother or brother. Happiness is the result of conscientious effort, it does not come for nothing. Work for it, not against it, and if you make a success of your home life, as you should, you may be sure that your home will make a success of you.

Winifred Andrew,
Commercial, Junior.
May 15, 1934.

BRIDGEWATER STATE TEACHERS' COLLEGE

I am not going to tell you about how different I found the State Teachers' College from high school because you all know from hearing or reading reports that come to the "Echo" and school from time to time, from other students who have entered College, that it is much different.

Even though I am just a freshman as yet, I have found out that the purpose for which the State Teachers' Colleges were established that is, for the training of men and women to be efficient teachers to teach and guide the children of the generation, is carried out to the greatest degree.

One learns very quickly in his freshman year that he is here to further his education not only for his own benefit but, primarily for the benefit of the children that, in some future day, he will teach and be of great influence in the shaping and molding of their character and lives.

During the first year one gets an introduction to many subjects but does not enter very deeply into them, except for Biology and a few other main ones, until the second,

third and fourth years. But one does become conscious of the fact that he is here for a purpose—teacher training. There is much observation of teaching and class room procedure in the first year. Freshmen observe in the training school for one hour one day a week for thirteen weeks to get an insight on teaching, clear up problems, questions, and doubts, and to gain encouragement. During the year, among other studies the freshmen study methods of teaching for twelve weeks before they go into the training-school as sophomores to teach for six weeks under the supervision and guidance of the regular class-room teacher. No psychology is taught until the sophomore year. These six weeks are weeks of very good training as one learns the very newest, most effective, and efficient methods of teaching, disciplining, and organizing. This gives one a taste of the real problems of teaching and also much encouragement. More advanced methods and psychology are taught in the Junior year in preparation for thirteen weeks of outside training. If one has taken the elementary course, he is well prepared to teach the lower grades. High School requires an advanced course.

In the Senior year one continues to study and add to his realm of knowledge and gains a higher scholarship. The whole year is spent in college preparing to go out into the world with the hope of getting a position and serving the public in such a way that it will lead to the advancement of the race.

Of course, even people who are going to be school teachers need exercise. There are many sports in which one may participate, such as soccer, basketball, volley ball, tennis, tenakoit, golf, and baseball.

There is a women's athletic club called the W. A. A., and for every hour of participation in a sport, whether on the campus or not, one gets so many points, he is an active member and may vote at the meetings. Awards are given in the form of emblems and letters for obtaining a large amount of points. One is dropped from the association if he fails to attend the meetings or participate in the sports. Membership is automatic upon entering the College.

Helen Kelley,
Bridgewater State Teachers' College.

Miss Megley: Tenore, give me a sentence with the word politics.

Tenore: Our parrot swallowed pa's watch, and now Polly ticks.

Pierson: A woman has two views of a secret.

R. Stanley: What are they?

Pierson: Either it's not worth keeping, or it's too good to keep.

Mr. Neal: What is the meaning of a budget?

Daly: A family quarrel!

SCHOOL NOTES

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President—Gardner Mills
 Vice-President—Edith Waters
 Secretary—Robert McGaughey
 Treasurer—Hallett Thayer

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

President—C. Caspersen
 Vice-President—A. Clooney
 Secretary—A. Kmaras
 Treasurer—R. Martin

FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

President—Paul Wiggins
 Vice-President—Mary Smith
 Treasurer—Daniel Daly
 Secretary—Rose Moran

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

Hello, all you fellow associates, Haven't we had the best time possible this year! May be it was you, little Freshmen, who because of the now famous plea—"but, ma, why can't I go? It's free, you know, for its the association"—were enabled to be present at so many school events (everybody likes to get his money's worth, you know)." The installment plan was just as successful for you, Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores, for didn't we see you at practically every event? Remember those double basketball games that we all attended, and how lustily and generously we shouted our throats to the point of hoarseness (especially the girls)? However, it was not the basketball games but the Senior's masquerade dance which started off the season right by breaking the ice between the different classes by a hearty laugh at the costumes. Didn't those two free lunches of sandwiches and ice cream hit a warm spot, though? I think I may take the liberty of saying that everyone of the four paid assemblies were very interesting—both to the faculty and to each one of you. The Senior Play was also an association affair at which we all turned out in great numbers to enjoy the superb acting of the Seniors in "It Happened in Hollywood" and to dance a few snappy numbers at the dance afterward. Next on the list of affairs comes the Seniors' Easter Dance, the hall having been attractively decorated in orchid and yellow with cute little Easter bunnies by the millions tacked around the walls. One thing more we noticed was that there were many more new faces on the dance floor—were you one of them? Finally comes the great event of the season—one that the Juniors have particularly been anticipating—why, of course, the Junior Prom! It must be said for the Juniors that

they know how to give a good dance—possibly they have followed the good example set by the Seniors. What do you think? Then comes the June issue of the Echo—the old faithful of the school (incidentally this June issue has been made into the year book)—which is included on the association program. Last, but not least, is the eight month's class dues to be paid.

The Athletic Association has been faithfully supported by most of the students in the high school. Let's all pledge ourselves to do the same next year, not only to be good sportsmen, but to save ourselves money. For, for the three dollars paid in this year, did you not know that you received six dollars and thirty-eight cents worth? Just look at this list below, and add it for yourself if you are an unbeliever.

Games 4 afternoon @ .15	\$.60
10 evening @ .25	2.50
Lunches	.18
Four paid Assemblies @ .10	.40
Senior Play	.50
Hallowe'en Party	.35
Easter Dance	.35
Junior Prom	.35
Echo—June	.35
Class Dues	.80
	<hr/> \$6.39
	Ruth Hill.

HONOR ROLL

January and February

SENIORS A—R. Hill, G. Kelley.
 SENIORS A-B—M. Davison, D. Hobart, F. Mitchell, C. Rollings, L. Soderblom.
 JUNIORS A-B—G. Behan, R. Lang, W. Andrews, P. Lyons, I. Porges, G. Sullivan.
 SOPHOMORES A-B—N. Caswell, A. Ford, I. George, M. Iveson, R. Kearns, R. Kierstead, R. Martin, N. Pierson, E. Seaverns.
 FRESHMEN A-B—R. Kunan, E. Postle, W. Sands, B. Sears, J. Sorocco, P. Stanley, P. Wiggins.

March and April

SENIORS A—R. Hill, G. Kelley, C. Rollings.
 FRESHMEN A—R. Kunan.
 SENIORS A-B—M. Davison, L. Soderblom, R. Stanley, P. Stevens.
 JUNIORS A-B—G. Behan, C. Caspersen, M. Danos, P. Lyons, R. McGaughey, G. Mills, H. Thayer.
 SOPHOMORES A-B—N. Caswell, M. Churchill, I. George, M. Iveson, R. Kearns, R. Kierstead, R. Martin, N. Pierson, E. Seaverns.
 FRESHMEN A-B—H. Murdock, J. Sorocco, P. Stanley, P. Wiggins.



SENIOR DRAMA

Seated, left to right: A. Benvie, A. Hagg, L. Soderblom, G. Kelley, M. Davison, R. Moran. Standing, left to right: J. Megley, M. Smith, F. Lelakes, W. Pitts, R. Stanley, G. Daly.

IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD

On February 9, the brilliant seniors again acted for a large audience. They presented "It Happened in Hollywood" which was a great success. Everyone was heard to pass complimentary remarks on the players, and they surely deserved them. John Megley, as Jarvis, the Pembroke butler; Tom Garrity, a press agent, Robert Stanley; Alen Tremayne, with "Movie" aspirations, Melbourne Smith; Josie Pembroke, the daughter of the house, Grace Kelley; Princess Dolores, her dearest friend, Anna Benvie; Phyllis Duganne, reporter on "The Movie News", Marion Davison; Bert, temporarily a chauffeur, Frank Lelakes; Doreen Downing, a "movie" star, Rita Moran; Polly O'Connor, A "Comedy" actress, Amy Hagg; Mrs. Pembroke, the mistress of the house, Lilia Soderblom; Sir Humphrey, the prince's guardian, Wilbert Pitts; messenger, George Daly.

Between the acts Marguerite Rayner gave a pleasing tap dance. Phyllis MacPherson entertained with songs, accompanying herself on the guitar. A little originality was shown by Joseph Mosesso who sang several songs one of which he sang in Italian. A difficult toe tap was mastered by Ouida Holmes. Music was also furnished by the orchestra directed by Miss Murphy.

Special attention should be given to John Megley who took Louis Mehl's part and to Frank Lelakes who replaced John Megley only two weeks before the presentation. They played their parts well, too. Didn't they?

This success was coached by Miss Megley of the faculty. Thanks to you, Miss Megley!

Wally Mack's "Everglades" furnished music for dancing. All enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Ice cream was sold during intermission. What was wrong with the ice

cream committee; there wasn't enough ice cream. At twelve the last dance was played. Everyone left for home (although it is known that not many arrived there very soon) after spending an enjoyable evening.

Dorothy Hobart,
Senior Editor.

EASTER DANCE

The Senior Easter Dance was held Friday, April 6. An interesting feature was the head tax. Red heads were taxed fifteen cents, blondes ten cents, and brunettes five cents. During the evening a prize waltz was held which was won by Grace Kelley and Robert Martin. There were several cut-in dances. Another event was a ladies' choice; this gave the girls a chance to strut their stuff. The hall was cleverly decorated in the Easter colors with painted bunnies and eggs to make it more attractive. Dornan's orchestra furnished their usual good music. Everyone seemed to enjoy himself; thus it proved that it pays to try new features.

SENIOR OFFICERS

President—Joseph Moran
Vice-President—Rolf Casperson
Secretary—Rita Moran
Treasurer—Ruth Smith

Bob, teaching Grace to drive: The car to watch is the car behind the car in front of you.



ORCHESTRA

Back row, left to right: C. Williams, J. Mossesso, J. Sorrocco, C. Hooker, T. Jordling, Miss Murphy, L. Randall, C. Eaton, F. Baker, W. Sands, W. Hamilton.
Front row, left to right: E. Lucas, I. Shipley, E. Seaverns, A. Moquin, L. Seaburg, N. Caswell, F. Sorrocco, C. Caspersen.

THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra this year has done exceedingly well under the capable leadership of Miss Murphy. We have only a small number in the orchestra, but it is growing year by year. This year we have twenty members. The two accompanists are Helen Baker and Pearl Gilley. The three violinists are Ian Shipley, Esther Seaverns, and Alma Moquin. The celloist is Emerson Lucas. Our two Saxophone players are Clayton Hooker and John Sorocco. Theodore Jordling and Charles Williams are our trombone players. Also our orchestra is blessed with six trumpet players who are Frank Baker, Willard Hamilton, Leo Randall, Joseph Mossesso, William Sands and Leonard Seaberg. Frances Sorocco and Charles Eaton are the clarinet players. The drummer is Carl Caspersen and the flutist is Norma Caswell.

We are sad to say that after the graduation this year, we will have fewer members for Emerson Lucas, Frances Sorocco, Charles Eaton and Joseph Mossesso are all Seniors. Charles Williams is the only Junior High member.

This year we have played outside of High School Activities a great deal, and as a reward we are planning to have a good time together some time during June.

I might also add here that the orchestra (not counting the seniors) is almost completely made up of the Sophomore Class, and that every time Orchestra is held during class our Sophomore College Class has a study period, for there aren't enough pupils left in class to count.

Esther Seaverns.

OPPORTUNITY

Opportunity knocks but once. How few words but how great the significance. Are we prepared to meet this daughter of fate when she makes up her most eccentric mind to call on us? Can we recognize the one big chance of our life time? Indeed, do we truly realize the importance of being ready when fate shows her willingness to aid us? For some this call may be far off in the future; for others, near at hand; and for still others, this big chance may have come and gone, passing unnoticed by these poor unfortunates. Fortune will smile on some and frown ever so deeply on others, but of what worth are we if we allow fortune to do our work? When you come right down to it, do we not admire the man who has saved and labored in order to succeed, more than the seemingly lucky one who has had everything handed to him, has been born, as the saying goes, with a gold spoon in his mouth? Many of us are ambitious, it is true, and work tirelessly towards our goal but are blind to old Dame Opportunity. Trouble comes, as trouble has and always will come, and we are weakened sometimes even to the state of complete failure. It is true these difficulties seem vastly important at the time, but if we can only force ourselves to think ahead and realize that when our trials and tribulations pass, (for indeed do not time and work heal most wounds no matter how deep), we have gained nothing but deepest regret that we have allowed ourselves to be overcome by misfortune. I am sure we'll come to the conclusion that it is our future success and happiness which matters most to us and our fellow men. Therefore, let us hold our heads high in the face of disappointment and sorrow, and determine that nothing will keep us from taking our one, big chance.

Grace Kellev. '34.

Johnny: I heard you haven't spoken to your girl for six months.

Flash: Yes. I hate to interrupt.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Top row, left to right: G. Kelley, Manager; C. Caspersen, A. Clooney, M. Stonkus, L. Soderblom, K. Walsh, P. Shea, I. George, Miss Richardson, Coach. Bottom row, left to right: R. Hill, M. Davison, K. Porter, Captain; G. Behan, F. Mitchell.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

With a victory at Stoughton, the girls basketball team brought a successful season to an end. Winning ten games and losing six (and these being "close") the girls won the laurels from the boys for the number of victories. Although at the beginning of the season the girls were a little uncertain as to the new plays, after a few games they had them down pat, and in the last few games, they used them to perfection.

Perhaps Sumner's sport fans have noticed that the girls used the one-line game this year instead of the usual two. This is a much harder way to play, giving more territory for the players to cover, making the girls' games similar to the boys'. (We wish that it also be noticed that, although she always did her bit in covering the court, Captain Porter got very little use from her knee pads this year. How about it Porter? Can't you tell the secret to Colburn?)

Out of the six losses, Sharons' team was perhaps the only one who checked Sumner very badly. (By the way, Phoebe, if we knew you were so acrobatic, you could have been very handy in the gym exhibition). But the girls praise themselves most in their victory over Stetson, Sumners' ancient rival. Determined to beat them, they went out on the floor and ran up a score that was worth writing home about. (Perhaps self-control would have helped the visitors some.)

Norwell, Hanover, and Wrentham proved to be the easiest spoils of the year, Sumners' team winning by a large margin.

It was also a noticeable fact that the attendance at the games this year was better than last season's, but still, it must be admitted that with the crowd that did attend, very little noise was made. What cheering that was done, was carried on by the girls' team during the halves. (Thanks to Miss Kelley's lusty lungs!) It may have

frightened the boys, but somehow they seemed to play harder.

With half of its old members and many promising new ones coming on, we are looking forward to a successful basketball season next year. Let us hope they get another captain like Porter to lead an equally good team to victory.

Marion Davison,
Athletic Editor.

THE COMMERCIAL CLUB

The Commercial Club hit the top again this year! A minstrel show, two outings, and another outing is being planned at present. The minstrel show was about the best ever put on under the guiding hand of Miss Collins; or should we say Mrs. Abbott? Well, anyway she's still the same swell person regardless of the name. Those parodies Johnny Smith gave were grand, while Billy White made a great hit also.

That story Rita, Phoebe, Ruth, and Kathleen told was very funny, but no one yet knows what it was all about.

Then there was the trip to Brant Rock where we held a frankfort roast and where three or four daring members ventured into the water. They came out half frozen but wouldn't admit it to anyone; however, they "could take it" I guess.

One of those "warm" days during the winter we had a skating party at the ice house and a marvelous time was had by all, thank you.

The next outing is being planned for the first week in June and as yet we don't know where we're going. I'll guarantee, however, we'll have one perfectly "swell" time.

Let's hope this club will continue to play an important part in the school life of all commercial juniors and seniors in the future as it has in the past.

Patricia Lyons, '35.



FOOTBALL

Standing: G. Mills. Back row, left to right: G. George, F. Baker, I. Barrows, L. McKinnon, T. Zarelli, A. Horte, J. Behan, L. Randall, R. Colburn. Front row, left to right: H. Thayer, R. Kunan, E. Huntington, A. Lang, R. Gingrow, P. Wiggins, P. Burns, J. Magee, D. Wallace.

FOOTBALL

Sumner High at last is to be represented on the gridiron. This welcome news sent thirty odd of the bruising brutes of the three lower classes into wild howls of joy. The athletically inclined juniors seem to have the majority out for the team although the "Barry" Woods and Carideos in the Sophomore class are not far behind the scenes, while the ever faithful Freshmen are putting some likely looking prospects on the field.

There will be plenty of turf torn up (if there is any) on the old field from now on, as these gallant young men from Sumner High step high, wide, and handsome. Mr. Walsh will call more names and bawl out more Frank Merriwells than ever before (maybe he'll delight in this). After Mr. Walsh gets through explaining, arguing, and demanding, we are very likely to have a football team. Already, games are being scheduled, and the Honorable Gardner Mills, president of the flighty juniors, has been made trainer, travelling secretary, manager, and also nurse maid to the footballs.

All the team needs now is support from the school itself. If some of those beautiful coeds (?) from the Junior and Sophomore classes would only turn into cheer leaders, the team would be greatly accelerated. But of course the cheer leaders couldn't do all the cheering by themselves so the rest of the student body could use their voices to good advantage by filling up the old grandstand and making the welkin ring (that came from a book). A football team with good support will play much better; so let's get behind our 1934 team and give it a send-off that will make history.

Flash: Fannie, I could die for your sake.
Fannie: You are always saying that, but you never do.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

The Climber—West Bridgewater.

Well, here's an edition from West Bridgewater. The editorial department is surely worthy of praise.
The Reflector—Weymouth.

The illustrations at the head of each department are very effective. The column "Snoops" is a very good idea. Here is something interesting taken from this Magazine.

A Day In Popular Song

I awoke and cried, "Good Morning Glory!" 'I've got to get up and go to work' for 'We'll make hay while the sun shines.' We met for 'tea for two' and after 'dinner at Eight' we sat 'by the fireside.' I said 'Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?' Well, 'You're the One,' 'My Dancing Lady.' It's now 'One Minute to One,' so 'Throw Another Log on the Fire.' 'Don't You Remember?' 'When We Were Lovers?' You were 'Mean to Me' but I always said, 'Let's Kiss and Make Up,' and now 'Another Perfect Day Has Passed Away,' so 'Good Night Little Girl of My Dreams.'"

The Partridge—Duxbury.

The Partridge is very complete but why not have a few more poems? Department named "Personals" is very interesting.
The Wampatuck—Braintree.

Here is another complete magazine although it always is. Your departmental headings are very effective. The Literary Department shows a great deal of work on the part of its editors. How about a separate column for the Poems?

G. Behan, '35.

Jack Megley: I've got a railroad radio.
George Daly: A railroad radio?
Jack: Yeh, it whistles at every station.



GIRLS' PYRAMIDS

Top row, left to right: G. Behan, C. Casperson, M. Davison, E. Seaverns, M. Iveson, H. Ward, R. Hill, O. Holmes, G. Collins. Center: K. Porter. Bottom row, left to right: F. Mitchell, M. Stonkus, A. Clooney, R. Kierstead.

GYM EXHIBITION

Sadly and scornfully did the crowd of boys, who up to then claimed soul ownership of the gym equipment, eye the intrepid band of a dozen or more girls who dared to invade their territory. What now? Day after day did these girls, in a business-like manner, march into the apparatus room, shoulder the heavy mats (they even went so far as to remove three of four inches of dust that was peacefully lodged there), and then, much to everyone's surprise, they even stood on their heads, turned graceful cartwheels, did the "flying-trapeze" act, and made the boys green with envy at the way they handled themselves on the parallel bar. Soon it was announced that a gym exhibition was to be held. Then both boys and girls worked seriously. Every day there was a wild scramble for the mats. Of course, being ladies the girls had them first, and Mr. Walsh, who sat on the sidelines and lustily ordered the half-frightened boys around, had to wait a few weary hours until they were through. Pyramids were added as an extra attraction, "Midgie" being our sky-scraper.

The night of May 4 finally arrived, and in a praiseworthy manner the girls exhibited their various stunts. The diving proved to be the most thrilling event of the night. The boys thrilled the audience by displaying their skill on the box, on the rings, and on the bars.

At the end, the laurels for excellency in their work were handed to Hamilton and Capt. Porter, the best all-around boy and girl athletes of the school. Second and third place, on the girls' team were won by Ouida Holmes and Carlotta Casperson, respectively. On the boy's team these places were won by Hamilton and Baker.

Now the girls are very readily granted access to all of Sumner's athletic equipment, and if there are any places open on the new football team, well——? That remains to be seen.

MOTHER'S MINCE PIES

continued from page 8

cowardly rascals. Although King James heard their pleas for mercy and pardon with an impassive face, there was relief in his heart, for by now his stock of missiles was quite low.

"Away, you scoundrels," he shouted with vigor. "Away! Thou shalt be beheaded before morning. Make yourselves ready, for the hangman does not wait for those without their prayers said."

The men below, still kneeling and with heads bared, began in low shaking voices, "Now I lay me down to sleep——"

King James, glancing up, beheld a full moon high in the heavens which, as he looked, slowly and bewilderingly turned into a mince pie cut in five pieces. Turkey legs with gravy and vegetables and cranberry sauce on them floated enticingly around it. For some reason, perhaps on account of his recent exertions, King James, or Willy, felt a great desire for these objects. Thus seeing and desiring and in an attitude of nothing attempted, nothing done, he began to climb. Just within reach of these tempting articles he felt something soft touch his shoulder. "Why, Willy," exclaimed his astonished maw, "what were you doing up on top of the bedstead?"

Ruth Hill.

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Mr. Walsh: Olson, what would you do if the ball was near the goal line and it was fourth down and one yard to go?

Sub (riding bench): I'd slide down the bench some so I could see the play better.

Joe Moran, playwright: I wish I could think up a big strong situation that would fill the audience with tears.

Emerson Lucas, theater manager: I'm looking for one that will fill the tiers with audience.

Phoebe Shea: Johnnie, why did you tell Rita you married me because I was such a good cook? You know I can't boil a potato.

Johnnie: I had to give some excuse.

Colburn: Last night I heard a burglar, and you should have seen me come down those stairs, six at a time.

Smith: Where was the burglar—on the roof?

Miss McGuire: Hagg, what could be more disastrous than jumping from an airplane with a parachute?

Hagg: Jumping without one.

Miss McGuire: An anonymous person is one who does not wish to be known—who's laughing in the class?

Voice of Hooker: An anonymous person, teacher.

Lucas: It's a peculiar thing, but every time I dance with you, the dances seem very short.

Grace: They are; my fiance is the leader of the orchestra.

Gerry: Your car is at the door.

Amy: Yes, I hear it knocking.

Bob: But, how did the police spot you in your woman's disguise?

Bret: I passed a milliner's shop without looking in the window.

Rita: Did you ever catch your boy friend flirting?

Kathleen: Yes, that's how I did catch him.

Marion: My, this book is remarkable work. Nature is marvelous! Stupendous! when I read a book like this, it makes me think how lowly, how insignificant is man.

Amy: You shouldn't have to wade through four hundred pages to discover that!

Miss Richardson: Now then, Kelley, I want to set you a problem. Suppose there were five children and their mother had only four potatoes to share among them. She wants to give each child an equal share. How would she do it?

Richard: Mash them.



BOYS' TENNIS

Left to right: F. Welsford, E. Crandlemere, J. Megley, G. Mills, F. Kierstead.

TENNIS

Tennis, one of Sumner's intensely interesting sports, is at this season receiving a great deal of attention. Mr. Neal, our principal, who is an ardent fan and an exceptionally good player is our coach. We are very fortunate in having two tennis courts in our playground.

Our tennis team is going to challenge the surrounding schools in its class again this year. Last year the team played Hanover, Easton, and North Easton and came out very, very well. As a matter of fact, some very prominent schools are being challenged, schools, I think, out of their class, but they'll come out with flying colors.

The Vines and Tildens of the team were up to the Walk-Over Club last Wednesday, May 2, for practice. If they play as well against their opponents as they did at practice, they'll certainly win.

Their victims to be are as follows:

Sumner at Hanover, Wednesday, May 9.

Sumner at Weymouth, Monday, May 21.

Boston College High at Sumner, Thursday, May 24.

Weymouth at Sumner, Monday, June 4.

Hanover at Sumner, Wednesday, June 6.

Braintree at Sumner, Wednesday, June 13.

The members of the team are Frank Kierstead, John Megley, Gardner Mills, Fred Welsford, Elmer Crandlemere.

EDUCATION

Education is essential in this world today; it is the first step to success. If you have a good education, your mind will be well developed, for certainly in going through higher schools than high school, you are forced to think for yourself; therefore, if you have obtained this quality, you can think out the problems—and there are many today in these times of depression—which confront your town or city. A college graduate is often chosen for work in the commercial world because he or she knows how to reason and to think out his problems. So many people being out of work, it is necessary for you to have a better education than your neighbor, for, as a natural thing, an employer will pick the smartest, most educated of the group of applicants for the position. The newspapers of today contain reading which requires education to understand for many articles are written by men and women who, after they had received their education, put what they learned into everyday use. A person once said to me, "Ignorance is Bliss." Ignorance may be bliss for some, but to me it would be far from that, for the ignorant do not often gain success. A few things a good education consists of are intelligent reading and writing, the ability to reason for one's self, and the correct pronunciation and enunciation of the words in one's endless vocabulary. Stick to the three things: reading, writing and arithmetic, that you started in the joyful childhood days, and you will not only climb the ladder of knowledge, but you will also climb the lengthy ladder of success.

Miss Knutson: Daly did you enjoy the diving in the swimming pool?

Daly: Yes, but I'll like it when the water is there.

Doorkeeper (in Public Building): "Say, come back. Dogs aren't allowed in here, sir."

Mullen: "That's not my dog."

Doorkeeper: "Not your dog! Why, he's following you."

Mullen: "Well, so are you."

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THANKS!!

The Echo Staff thanks all who have contributed in making this June Issue a success—the advertisers, the subscribers, and the contributors. It wishes especially to thank the contributors whose work does not appear because of the fact that the price of printing having increased one dollar a page, and the price of engraving being almost doubled, the staff was unable to meet the extended cost; hence a smaller book of necessity had to be produced. Thanks to all again.



BASKETBALL

Top row, left to right: W. Pitts, Manager; R. McGaughey, J. Megley, I. Barrows, H. Helms, Mr. Walsh, Coach. Bottom row, left to right: T. Hall, T. Zarelli, J. Smith, R. Colburn, W. White.



BOYS' PYRAMID

Lower row, left to right: G. Porter, T. Hall, I. Barrows, E. Huntington, G. George, D. Wallace. Upper row, left to right: R. Smith, G. Daly, D. Daly, H. Helms, R. Kelley.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Every pupil has been talking about having football and now their wish has been granted. Mr. Neal and Mr. Wash have agreed to have a football team if the boys will co-operate. After the good audience that appeared at the "Gym" night, it seems that the boys did co-operate. Also there was a successful Athletic Night with the help of Noel King, Eddie McCarthy, and the players. Quite a large squad turned out for spring practice, and Mr. Walsh plans on more turning out in the fall. If the team plays as good a game of football as it did in co-operating, the boys certainly will win.

The baseball team seems to be very good. There are only two of last year's regulars playing this year: Zarelli and Colburn. Le-

lakes and White are the first string pitchers. Although Olsen is a terrible loss, Wallace makes a very good "backstop". The baseball team has good fight and ought to come through with flying colors.

The tennis team will have practically the same players this year with Megley, Kierstead, and Mills who played last year. Although this year there is a larger and harder schedule to fill, I am sure they will hold their own.

The basketball team was not very good this year. It lacked fight in most of the games. Colburn seemed to be the only player with fight. In a tight game the team seemed to pull together and fight hard. The second team played very well. Let's hope the fight comes back next year.

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BOYS' BASEBALL

Top row, left to right: W. Clooney, Manager; G. George, T. Zarelli, J. Mullins, W. White, H. Helms, R. Colburn, Mr. Walsh, Coach. Bottom row, left to right: P. Burns, E. Huntington, F. Lelakes, D. Wallace, R. Smith, J. Smith.

The baseball team for this year is made up of seven veterans and three or four rookies. The team when rounded in shape ought to win a good share of its games. Here are the players of this year's nine and some of their good (or bad) points.

Anthony Zarelli: Tony plays third base the position he covered last year. Tony is only a Junior now and looks as if he will "Go places" this year and next. Tony is a right hand batter, and although not a heavy hitter, he quite often can be depended upon to sock one. Tony has a good arm and can move around third base like nobody's business.

Edward Huntington: "Jake" is a new-comer this year and so far has made good with a bang! "Jake" is a left handed batter and can sock the old apple high, wide, and handsome with disastrous results to the opposing pitcher. He plays right field and can be depended upon to catch anything in his territory. He also has a good arm and is likely to cause plenty of trouble for players going for extra bases.

Roy Smith: "Smitty" is another new-comer, but he looks as if he might become a fine player. Junior takes healthy cuts at the ball and can bang the old "pill" at a pretty rapid rate. Roy plays left field and can cover it to the queen's taste.

Daniel Wallace: Danny Wallace plays first base and is a very good one. Danny isn't very big, but what he lacks in height, he makes up in ability to stretch those arms of his. He is a right hand batter and can hit pretty consistently. He is only a sophomore, but already he is a veteran on the team.

John Mullin: Johnny is the second socker, and besides being a very good second baseman he is the Clark Gable of the team. Every time Johnny comes up to bat, he looks up in the grand stand, and then bang goes the old horsehide. The first game Johnny got six hits after six looks at the

audience (so what?). But all fooling aside, Johnny is a good player and so far the leading hitter on the team so we won't say anything if anyone in the great crowd seems to inspire him.

Philip Burns: "Phil" is the dashing, tearing, short stop and the lead-off batter. Phil has a good fast arm and can gun the ball across the diamond with plenty of speed. Phil is small but full of pep, vim, and vigor and will help a lot towards winning ball games.

John Smith: Johnny has had tough luck so far this season because of his shoulder, but when he gets the stiffness out of his arm, watch the old fur fly. Johnny plays shortstop, the position he played last year, but up to this writing Burns has had the edge because of his throwing arm. Johnny can play other positions though and will see plenty of service this season because of his hitting ability.

Frank Lelakes: Frank is the Christy Mathewson of Sumner's ball team. This is the second year Frank has been the ace of the team, and he has certainly pitched some fine games. Frank has a good fast ball and curve, all a high school pitcher really needs, and he can use them to fine advantage.

William White: Bill is the Dazzy Vance of the team and can certainly blaze that ball across the plate. Bill is a new pitcher for Sumner, but he should soon have opposing batters standing on their heads trying to hit his fast ball.

George George: "Georgie" is "Minnie's" understudy, which isn't such a prosperous job, Walter being the fine catcher he is. But George is a hard working player and will do all he possibly can to fill Olsen's position if called upon.

If this group of young men only click together, Sumner ought to have a pretty good baseball team and with plenty of support from the students will endeavor to bring home the bacon as often as possible.

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